

[Ernest Gerber]

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A. G. Barie

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Ernest Gerber (Swiss-American)

Route 1

Marietta, Georgia

(Farmer)

A. G. Barie From Around the World to a Georgia Farm

Just a few miles north of the Chattahoochee River, in what was once a part of the Cherokee Nation, in the foothills near Lost Mountain, lies an 80-acre farmstead, part of an original plantation carved from the wilderness by a family of Georgia pioneers who moved in shortly after the removal of the Indians.

Leaving the State highway and climbing abruptly between tall, spindling second-growth trees, a narrow, rutted red clay road, void of topsoil, suddenly breaks through to disclose, on the left, a long, narrow field surrounded by high chicken-wire fencing. Within this enclosure, which widens to include two large laying houses and a brooder house, a large flock of beautiful White Leghorn hens add a startling touch to the scene, and evince their

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high [breeding?] by their flighty actions and nervous cackling at the near approach of a car or even a pedestrian.

At this point the road widens into a miniature parkway, shaded by three old oaks, beyond which it continues on an ascending grade between terraced fields, to disappear beyond an orchard of old and scrubby peach trees.

On the left the parkway merges with a wide driveway which runs between the house and other farm buildings to the large swinging gate of the barn lot. The barn itself is a frame structure, somewhat larger than those common to this section, and to its left is seen a large pasture in the form of a valley, at the far end of which is a miniature lake 2 formed by an earthen dam across a small clear stream fed by two constant flowing springs at the upper end of the valley.

Near the angle formed by the road and driveway, but on a high plot of ground, stands the rumbling one-story house, its squat galvanized roof, with those of the outbuildings, furnishing a familiar landmark for passing airplanes. Architecturally, its design was actuated only by the size of the Georgia pioneer family. A wide porch fills the angle at the front, and another fills the angle at the rear, furnishing a place for the inevitable outdoor shelf and wash basin, and a "catch-all" for articles too bulky, or too dirty, to be brought indoors. A large chimney in front and another on the north side are made of hand-made brick, while another at the rear is of large flat rocks and mud and was probably built at the time the original log cabin was erected. Although the present house was erected not many years before the Civil War, it is sealed inside and out with a fine grade of pine lumber, all of which was planed and tongue-and-grooved by hand, the boards varying in width from 10 to 24 inches.

Between the rear of the house and the barn-lot fence are a large grape arbor, a mammoth pecan tree, and a hoary gnarled oak, whose age, like that of another standing near the barn, is testified by the two or three feet of root growth protruding above the ground. In the

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shade of these two trees a small modern building houses the old farm well, with its familiar windlass, rope and bucket. Close to the well housing is a modern deep well pump and a small gasoline engine which pump the same water to an elevated 200-gallon tank, from which the water is piped to the rear of the house, and to the chicken yard.

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In this same shady spot, between the well house and the lot fence, is a long table made of heavy oak plank, its top stained by years of use as a “battling-block” for the heavy washings necessary on the red clay farm. And on this same table the writer, who has lived on an adjoining farm for eight years, has eaten many a luscious Georgia watermelon with the descendants of those Georgia pioneers.

But for the next two years a small, gray-haired, bespectacled man, whom we neighbors call either “Chief” or “Doc,” has almost daily invited me in to have a sip of excellent home-made wine, or to sit and read while he fed his “buzzards” — the White Leghorns.

When I asked him one day if he could be willing for me to write his life history he “came back at me” with: “Sure; provided you don't quote me in anything that would discredit the Navy, or anyone in the service. Yes, I've read so much I know you have to build up a scene, but you know a damn sight more about the place than I do, so go ahead and describe it. Come over Sunday and we'll begin.” Remember Remembering that Switzerland was saluting the New York World's Fair over NBC that Sunday I invited him over to dinner. After the program was finished he said “That was fine, especially the yodeling. My mother won an old folks' yodeling contest when she was 70 years old. I'm sorry, though, that they didn't have any zither music. The zither was so popular in Switzerland and it sure make's sweet music.”

Shortly after dinner he said he would have to look after the chickens so we walked over to his place, and as we entered the chicken yard a large hen flew up on his shoulder, another flew up on his back, and still another 4 flew up in his face so he had to grab her and hold

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her in his arms. He stood there and talked to them for a minute or two, at the same time feeding them from a piece of bread taken from his pocket.

When his pets had become satisfied and joined the rest of the flock, and as we stood for a few silent moments gazing across the small valleys at Old Kennesaw and the foothills, he suddenly turned and said: "This sure is a funny world. Here's the two of us, you born and raised way up North and me from Switzerland, living on joining farms in north Georgia, probably the last place either one of us would ever have dreamed of being. And the longer I stay here, the more I wonder why those old timers built their house facing those woods, instead of the other way, with the beautiful view of Kennesaw Mountain."

"Well, Chief, you haven't anything on me. I've been wondering for eight years why the folks built the house on the hill (where I live) clear on the back of an 80-acre place, just about as far from your house as they could get it. Always looked to me as if they didn't want to get too familiar with the neighbors. Maybe when the R.E.A. runs our new lines they'll cut out enough trees so we can at least see each other's houses.

"Yeah, I'll be glad when they get the juice here so I can finish wiring the place. My little portable 25 watt does very well to light my room and the chicken houses, but it's too small to carry any more."

"Well, lets go in and get started, and you can use the Underwood Portable to make your notes. Save time."

Up a few narrow steps and through a narrow shed-room which houses the electric plant and a conglomeration of boxes, bags of chicken feed, egg crates, and shelves piled with a variety of things, we entered the one room of the 5 house which the Chief calls home. The room itself is large and well lighted, the walls being of the same wide boards as the rest of the house, but painted a pale blue. A new matched flooring covers the original planking,

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and a new modern door leads to the other part of the house, now occupied by a tenant family.

The furniture and fixtures of the room are almost a picture of a goodly part of the man's life. There is a queer blending of military neatness and 'bachelor helplessness.' The large fireplace has been filled in with about iron, and a long cast iron [box?] box store serves as a heater and cooking range, supplemented by a small Coleman Camp stove which rests on a large box-like chest to the left of the door. On the mantel shelf is a replica of the J. S. Destroyer Childs, complete to the smallest detail, which was made by a German prisoner interned at one of the hospitals where the Chief had served. Flanking the ship on opposite sides are a finely inlaid Arab flint-lock pistol and an Arab sheath-knife of exquisite workmanship.

The chest which holds the camp stove also serves as a kitchen table, holding the few dishes and accessories necessary for his simple meals. A few inches above them, and extending nearly across the wall from door to window, is a fine example of Turkish tapestry about 18 inches in width, and immediately above the center of this is a small but excellent water color portraying the murdering of a Sultan's favorite by the Eunuch and his helpers. (The Chief says she probably waved her handkerchief out the window at some Yankee sailor). Flanking the picture is a pair of wrought brass candlesticks (from Turkey) representing two puff adders. Above each of these is a small framed excerpt, in Arabic, from the Koran. Above these, in the center of the wall is a beautiful prayer rug depicting the mosque of Little St. Sofia. Scattered about the other walls 6 are pictures of Mohammedans in native garb and a couple of fine tapestries. Two small taborets of exquisite inlay workmanship stand near a large oil-cloth covered table which serves as a writing desk and also accommodates the typewriter and a few books and datalogues.

In the corner between table and window stands an article which would grace the home of a millionaire. It is a gray and white marble pedestal holding an eagle with partly opened wings, on top of which rests a translucent globe of pink and cream alabaster, and the

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globe in divided in the center to accommodate an electric light. The eagle itself is an outstanding feature. Carved from a single piece of marble which must have taken years to locate, the body, neck, head, and wings are of streaked gray and white, while the legs and beak are of a pale yellow tint, and the claws are black. It is tall enough to make an excellent reading lamp and was carved in a shop across the Plaza from the Leaning Tower in [Pisa?], Italy.

In this strange room, seated at the Chief's typewriter and with the beautiful statue-lamp at my elbow I began typing his story, which is given in his own words:

"I was born on January 12, 1883, at Langnau, Canton of Bern, Switzerland, the fifth child in a family of eight. I had four brothers and three sisters. The picture over the table with the tower in the center is of the ancestral home where we were all born. I have often asked my father how long it had been in the family or how old it was but he was very reticent about such things; the modern Swiss people are too democratic to be proud of old titles. I do know that the coat of arms of both my father's and mother's families are carved in the gate posts at the front entrance through the high wall.

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"Apparently the center tower, which is really at the back of the building, is much older than the rest of the place. When I was a small boy a party of archeologists and Government officials came and tried to buy the place but Father wouldn't sell. They made a very thorough examination of the whole place and told Father that the tower part was built at the time of the Roman Empire, and the other part in about the third or fourth century. The tower goes about three stories into the ground to solid granite rock and the rooms were probably dungeons for prisoners. On the third floor above the ground is a room which Father kept locked, but one day my oldest brother and I found the lock open and went in. We found a torture rack and wheel, a scourge like a cat'o nine-tails with lead balls on the lashes, and several other implements we didn't know what to call. Before we had much time to enjoy our find Father discovered us and we got an unmerciful whipping.

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"The little lake in the picture is artificial and has a plain fountain in the center which throws water fifty feet in the air, the water coming from a spring high up the mountain. The water running from the lake goes to a trout breeding pool and from there to a fish pond where Father kept the fish we served to guests.

"Yes, we ran a Gasthaus, or tourist tavern it would be called here, but our guests usually stayed the whole season.

"When I think of how we used to feed the guests and our large family almost entirely from the stuff we raised on the six acres of cultivated ground, and then look out over this 80 acres with nothing on it but a few dead cotton and corn stalks, I sometimes wonder what in hell was wrong with my mind when I bought it.

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"Well, boys and girls had to work then, when they weren't in school and each one of us had a certain job to do, and God help the one who didn't do their bit. That little place even furnished us fruit and vegetables the year 'round and Father made a good deal of his own [wine?] and sold some to other wine dealers. Father had a wide reputation as a wine expert and traveled to many places buying wines for rich folks and for some of the big hotels.

"Father was an awful crank about the etiquette of wine drinking and serving. I remember one day he had a guest who claimed to be a judge of wines and Father sent me down cellar to bring up a bottle of special vintage made many years before. Being naturally neat I wiped off the bottle before bringing it to the table. For that I got one of the worst "tannings" I ever got. The guest got off easier than I did, but he deeply offended Father by drinking his wine down in a couple of gulps. Father got up and left the room and didn't come back until the guest had taken the hint and gone his way.

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"Education is strictly compulsory in Switzerland, and there are two schools, the primary, from 6 to 11 years, and the secondary, which is a 4-year term like your modern high school. We were taught three languages; Swiss, German, and Romansh, or [Vulgaz?] Latin. I think the last has been omitted in late years. My father and mother were both educated in French and taught us children at home. The Bible was a part of our daily study and we had to read it from beginning to end. Like most kids I was mostly interested in the passages which had obscene references, and when Dad caught me reading the Bible one day at home he took a look at what I was reading and promptly gave me a good licking.

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"Students of high school age were also taught sex relations and hygiene, the girls being taught by a special matron at the school, and the boys were usually taught by the village Priest.

"Yes, I was born and raised in the Catholic Church, but after I left home I missed doing my Easter duties and was automatically suspended. Cause I might have got reinstated in their good graces but have never been interested enough to go to the trouble. Besides, in my years of travel I have studied many different [sects?] and found that all of them have their good points and are all headed the same way, though by somewhat different routes.

"My boyhood life was just about like the average run of Swiss boys, plenty of work, but plenty of sports too. Father was a great hunter, and a noted marksman. Several times he came home from National shooting tournaments with the Golden Clive Breath of Victory on in place of his hat, so it's no wonder we boys were regular pests until so were given our first guns.

"When I was about 18 years old Father gave my oldest brother a 22 caliber rifle and also gave me an arbalist, or cross-bow gun. We decided to go out in the woods and try them out, but before we got out of sight of the house brother began teasing me about never becoming a 'William Tell.' He was some distance ahead of me and I yelled back at him

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'You couldn't even hit me from where you are standing now.' Damned if he didn't turn round and fire at me, the bullet going into the fleshy part of my knee. Didn't shatter the bone but I bled like a stuck pig. A passer-by saw what had happened and before we came out of our daze an officer had come for us and we had to go before the judge, even before I had the services of a doctor. Course it was all in fun so we just got a reprimand and were sent home.

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"Well, about a year after that I got even with him, good and plenty. Dad had given me a fine double-barrelled shot gun some time before and one day when I was coming back from hunting birds I saw brother backing out of the woodshed in a stooped position and I let him have both barrels in his rear end. Of course he wasn't hurt much but they sure had a time picking all those fine bird shot out of him.

"No, I didn't go to college. Father didn't like the idea of that. He wanted all of us boys to learn a trade, as most of the Swiss boys do. When it came time for me to take up an apprenticeship I wanted to be a real good cook, but Father said I should be a tailor, because I was so small. Sure I was small and still am, but I was too damn strong and active to sit cross-legged all day and stitch with a needle. I afterward decided I wanted to be a photographer. Father objected to that too; said it wasn't a man's job either. The consequence was that I didn't take up any trade at all, but I never gave up photography as a hobby. As soon as I got started in this country I got me a camera and that big chest you see out in the shed room is full of albums of enlarged photos I made during my travels. If they were arranged chronologically you could come mighty near having an outline of the story I am telling you from now on.

"Well, when I was 19 years old I decided to leave home to be a man by myself, through some friends I got in the Sunlight Soap Factory in Olten, in the Canton of Solothurn. I stayed there three years and nothing of any consequence happened, except that when I became 21 I had to take a vacation and go home for my examination for army services.

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They gave me just about zero on the physical exam. I was so short I guess they were afraid I might hide behind the other fellows to keep from getting shot. I had the laugh on them all when we took the mental tests. When those who passed were lined up for the ceremonial parade I was put at the head and presented with the badge of excellence, an oak twig with two acorns in wrought gold. Father was so proud of me that he gave me a pair of cuff links made from two 2-frame gold pieces. Then I went back to Olten and finished my term. Came back home and stayed home about a year. During this time the two sons of some neighbors were talking about coming to America. They were older than me but we chummed together and I got so interested in their plans I decided I wanted to come with them.

"Of course we couldn't just pick up and come over like folks do here. We had to get released from military service calls, get through a lot of red tape about property rights, passports and transportation, but we finally sailed on the St. Louis.

"The first day out I became the butt of a good joke for the sailors. I had gone to a man who professed to be an English teacher, soon after I decided to come over, and he had taught me what he said would be enough to get by with until I had a chance to study.

"Well, when I tried to talk to the Yankee sailors they laughed like hell at me. I finally made them understand that I had taken English lessons, but one who seemed more informed than the rest told me I hadn't been taught English but 'Cockney.'

"We landed at Ellis Island August 5, 1906, and before we had cleared customs and quarantine one of your Yankee super-salesman had sold my friends 40 acres of land in southern Missouri. It was railroad land being sold by the Frisco Lines.

"We didn't even stop in New York, but boarded a train and went right through to the nearest stop on the railroad. We found the place and there wasn't even a shed on it so we went to the nearest house and the folks took us in and took care of us until we could get

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a log shack put up. The old man who owned the place, we afterward learned, was an old Yankee Indian scout who had homesteaded the place he was on several years before.

“The next day after our arrival the old man went with us to our place and helped us put up a rough log cabin. Having lived in rock houses at home we young fellows had never seen a log house built, so the old man was a great help to us. We had a great deal of trouble at first because he didn't understand our language and we didn't know his, but I overcame that difficulty to some extent by using a German-English translating dictionary I had brought along. When I wanted to say anything to him I'd pull out my book, show him the German word and he would read the English word and get the idea of what I wanted to talk about. After we got the cabin built I kept on going over to his place every night for two months, and by that time I had learned enough English so I could get along with most anybody.

“No, the place didn't have any cleared land but there were a few [barren?] spots so we dug up some of them and planted a little late garden stuff. We started clearing out timber too and it wasn't long before we had a nice lot of new land ready for the plow. Of course it was new ground and full of stumps but the soil was good and we knew it would produce good crops. My friends had farmed in Switzerland with oxen and had brought their harness with them so they bought a pair of young oxen and that is the way they started farming in America. Their harness for the oxen was a lot different than what was used here; it was made partly of leather and part chain, each 13 ox having a separate harness the same as your team harnesses here. The collars were different though; they were put on up-side-down to the regular mule collar.

“Well, I stayed there and worked with my friends until 1914, but in the meantime something had been troubling me. We had got acquainted with a Swiss family some distance away and the oldest boy and myself used to go there often to play cards and drink wine with the folks, because we all talked the same language. The oldest daughter was, to me, a beautiful girl, and I sure fell in love with her and I thought she loved me too, because she

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used to walk out with me and we would hug and kiss like all lovers do. But I craved her physically, and here is where our early sexual training came into play. Instead of getting excited and angry because she wouldn't satisfy me we talked it over in a matter-of-fact way. She said she felt the same as I did, but that she was in love with my oldest friend and was saving herself for him, even before he had asked her to marry him. She told me of two sisters who lived a few miles off who she said would take care of me and that she would speak to them about it for me. I still wasn't satisfied, and got to worrying about things so much that I began to get poorly and not able to do much around the farm.

"An old priest from the nearby town used to come out to have prayer with the settlers and he asked me one day what the matter was, so I told him the whole story. He advised me to find work somewhere else and forget about the girl, for she was soon to marry my friend. Not so long after that the priest drove up one day with the Postmaster from the town and he offered me a job in the Postoffice, and said I could live with his family. I went to town and took a short examination and went to work.

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"Got along fine for a long time, but I was still going back to the place and by this time the girl and my friend had gone away and got married, and I missed her more than ever. I got nervous and began to fall down on my job so bad that the boss told me one day he thought I'd better go off somewhere and work at something else for a while and then come back. He even found me a job and one day took me farther north to a large dairy farm owned and managed by a woman, the wife of a millionaire who owned a large mill in Des Moines, Iowa.

"Man, that was some farm! Every cow on it was a Blue Ribbon cow and they were taken care of like humans. The boss lady put me in charge of the electric plant and water supply and I had a fine room in the large brick building which contained the feed mills and electric plant, besides other farm machinery. The other men there made fun of me and called me

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Shorty, but my short legs were a great advantage in some ways for I could stoop over and shoulder a 200-pound sack easier than the big fellows could.

“That winter the boss lady took me back to Des Moines with her and wanted her husband to give me a job, but he said she run her business and didn't want her to stick her nose into his; but he proceeded to show me a good time, taking me to shows and buying me all the wine I could ask for. He was quite a drinker and his wife was always wanting to know where we had been the night before, so I would try to remember the name of some show we had seen so I could tell her we had been there. Well, one night the boss took me to the Unique Theatre and the next morning when she asked me where we had been I told her, but my speech was still tinged with German [gutturals?] and it sounded like [Eunuch?]. She laughed so hard I simply had to ask her 15 what the matter was and she told me to ask her husband what [eunuch?] meant. When he explained the meaning of the word I was so ashamed that I couldn't go in to supper.

“In the spring of 1917 I decided to join the army as most every other husky man was doing, but when I went to enlist they turned me down on account of my stature. I then told the boss lady I would like to get in the Red Cross and she said she would help me. About that time I learned that my old neighbor boy, the younger one, was going to California to enlist so I hurried home and went with him.

“On the train going west there was a bunch of sailors going back to their ships and they told us we would be a lot better off in the navy than in the army. Guess maybe none of them had ever been in the army anyway.

“When we got to San Francisco we went to the recruiting office and my friend was accepted and sent to barracks right away, but they turned me down, as usual, so there I was, all alone in a strange place. Still had money enough to take care of me for a while so I thought I'd take in the sights. While I was walking down one of the main streets I came to a Navy recruiting office and naturally stopped to look at the pictures displayed outside. A

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petty officer came out and started to talk to me about joining the navy but I told him how the army officers had turned me down, so I didn't think the Navy would take me either. He asked me to go inside and talk to the warrant officer in charge. The officer asked me a lot more questions and I told him I wanted to get in either the Red Cross or Radio service, and he said it would take me too long to get anywhere in radio on account of my speech. He thought for a long time then finally asked me how I'd like to go in the Hospital Corps. I told him that would be fine, just so long as I got to go somewhere.

"Well, I guess they must have been short of personnel on account of war conditions, for he mustered me into the service with a waiver of all disabilities, had me outfitted in most no time, and sent me out to the Goat Island Hospital school.

"I was the only foreigner in the school, and being a rookie, I sure had to put up with a lot from the other students, but I toughed it out, and in September 1917 they sent me to the hospital at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, for further instructions. I was assigned to repair room and ward duties, but due to my interest in the work I was given every opportunity to improve my knowledge and fit myself for a higher rating in the medical department. There was a large [personnel?] at the hospital at that time so our tours of duty were short, which gave me a chance to satisfy my propensity for exploration as well as to secure many of the pictures now in my collection.

"As a small sample of the queer things that happen in foreign lands I will tell you about the little shrine I found one day while on a scouting trip with my camera. I was several miles from headquarters, deep in the woods, when I came on a peculiar looking [clump?] of underbrush. On parting the bushes I was startled to discover a small shrine, in the form of a temple, but roughly made of common stone. It was completely surrounded by the bushes, with no path leading to it, and it appeared to have been built hundreds of years before. When I returned to the Harbor I hunted up a man who I knew to be connected with the British Archaeological Society and told him about it. On my next liberty day the two of us went out to look it over. Imagine my surprise on finding that during the week the

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whole thing had been completely removed, not even a piece of stone left on the ground. Things like that make a man's back hair rise, at least mine did.

"While scouting up the coast one day I found an old native who had a beautifully-built sailboat. Don't know where he got it but I sure wanted it and kept going back to see him until he finally sold it to me for \$10.00. The [?] at the Hospital sent a launch after it for me and had a sailmaker assigned to the job of making a large sail for it. The tiller of the boat was made from a solid piece of rare Hawaiian mahogany, so valuable that a boat builder near there built a fine cabin, installed a good steering wheel and ropes, and covered the bottom of the boat with copper sheeting, in exchange for the old tiller.

"During the remainder of my stay at Pearl Harbor this boat was of great help to me in my scouting trips, as well as for many pleasures trips for other officers and men at the hospital.

"One of these trips will remain in my memory until I die. A man who was preparing material for a book embracing a story concerning the eruption of a volcano had come to the island for inspiration, and he asked me if I would be willing to take a party to Launa Los. I had been planning a trip there myself so we got a party together and sailed over. One of the men was a camera man for Fox Films and he had his movie camera along, so I didn't take mine, and missed getting a real picture. We were ascending the slope and got to about 200 yards from the top when suddenly it seemed 18 as if the earth itself was about to go to pieces. After a short sharp rumble a mass of smoke and fire shot up into the air hundreds of feet and a stream of lava rushed through an opening in the crater walls. Some of the men started to run but the camera man had set up his machine and was grinding away so most of us stood our ground until the nest became too great and we angled away from the lava stream and hurried on down to the shore. We were simply lucky that the lava had broken through where we were out of its path. A scientist who lived not far from there said the stream of lava flowed at the rate of 30 miles per hour down the mountainside. This was

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the eruption of 1918, which furnished headlines for the newspapers, and stories for some of the magazines.

“Another little incident in connection with volcanoes might interest some of your students of folklore. You know that most of the natives, and not a few white men, believe that the spirits live in, and control the actions of the volcanoes. There was a doctor living not far from the hospital who was a great student of Hawaiian folklore, and was always exhorting to us in justification of his belief in the spirit folks in the volcanoes. Figuring that we might quash his enthusiasm by a visit to one of the inactive ones we got up a party and invited him to go with us on the trip. He agreed to go provided we would take along a native priest whom he knew. On the way to the crater, which was accessible by auto, he had us stop while the priest picked a twig off a small bush, and some bright red berries off another one. Arrived on the floor of the crater, we got out and walked to one of the small openings where steam came out and waited to see what was going to happen. After mumbling some kind of prayer, the priest threw the twig and berries i to the opening and we all stepped back and waited for something 19 to happen. Guess we stood there about five minutes, then a little rumbling noise started and steam began to come out faster. We began to run and suddenly there was a loud explosion and a small stream of fire and smoke went up in the air about a hundred feet, but it stopped in about a minute and nothing more happened. To me it was just a natural [phenomenon?], or perhaps affected by the foreign matter thrown into the hole, but I bet that doctor is still telling the world how the old priest awakened the spirits of the volcano.

“Not long after this a man at the settlement became mentally deranged and it was decided to send him back to the States. As he seemed to take a liking to me and would do most anything I asked him to, I was given the opportunity of making one of the plenty to take him home. We came over on the South Carolina, by way of Washington and Oregon, then down the coast to San Francisco. After getting the sick man taken care of I was given a

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long liberty, which gave me a fine opportunity to visit all the old monasteries in that section, and to take pictures of many interesting places and things.

“While enjoying the sights in San Francisco I ran across a real bargain in a portable X-ray machine, and as there wasn't one in use in any of the places I had been so far I bought it for my own use, and this was the means of getting started on my rating as an X-ray technician. I sure got a lot of [?] out of that little outfit. Regulations didn't permit me to use it on medical cases at that time so the Medical officer said he would help me out by inviting civilian friends of his to get their pictures taken. Well, a lot of them volunteered, among them some darn good looking girls, and didn't I get some good pictures of them! I got the knack of the thing right away, and those pictures didn't leave much to the imagination, I'm telling you!

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“Well, the South Carolina finally got to San Diego. I was on her about three months and was transferred to the hospital ship Marcy. That was late in 1919. Soon after being transferred, the Marcy started on one of those good will tours, down the coast of South America, calling at almost every port. The day we crossed the Equator as had the usual “Neptune” party, and I being a rookie sure caught hell.

“This was more than made up for by the big time we had on our visit to [antiago?]. A party of us were invited by the Bishop to visit the monastery and vineyards. They showed us the old and very valuable church jewels, and wined and dined us in royal style. Guess the wine was too rich for our blood, for some of us got more than we could handle and they had to put us to bed, but we were not disciplined for being over-leave.

“It was March 1920 when we got back to San Diego harbor and life once more became routine. In June I got a telegram from home saying that mother was sick, so I got 30 days leave and travelling time and went home, but mother was dead before I got there. I stayed

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my leave in Switzerland, and while in Bern I met a bunch of Americans and we celebrated the Fourth of July in [rathskeller?], and we sure did celebrate.

“Shortly after that I was ordered to the USS Pittsburg, flagship of the fleet, and reported at Venice, but the Pittsburg had sailed for Genoa, Italy. When I arrived there she had gone to Milan, then to Cherbourg, then to Le Havre, where I finally caught up with her. The ship was taking part in the [Maritime?] Festival. From there we went to the Isle of Wight, but were soon ordered back to Le Havre, where the Pittsburg was relieved by the Utah, which took us back to the Isle of Wight to take part in the King's Regatta.

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“We next went to Oravesend, and were given shore leave to make a trip to London. I was disappointed in that trip. To me London is very uninteresting, the only points worth seeing being the Tower and Westminster Abbey.

“On my return to Cherbourg I was transferred to the destroyer Childs, which had been ordered to proceed, by easy stages, to Dansig, Germany. He called first at Helsingfore, Finland, the [?] city I ever saw. You couldn't find a piece of paper or even a match stick on the streets. We then went to Tullian, Astonia, and then to Stockholm, Sweden, where we took part in the King's anniversary. Next we stopped at [Riga?], Latvia, and from there to Copenhagen, Denmark, where I had a chance to make a trip to Prince Frederick's Castle, made famous by Shakespears's Hamlet, he then went direct to Danzig, Germany, the Childs being the first American ship to touch at a German port after the war.

“I want to tell you here that during our thirty days stay as were treated better by the German people than either the French or English had ever treated us. In spite of the fact that my Swiss-German accent showed where I hailed from, the German boys given me every opportunity to see everything I wanted to, and the girls weren't far behind the boys either! The people were so short of money that you could buy about anything you wanted at your own price. In one of the shops I found a new camera which I knew sold in the U.S.

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for \$280., and I bought it for \$35, also a laboratory microscope for \$50., which was worth \$300 here.

“Well, we were finally ordered back to Constantinople, or Istanbul, as they call it now, but we were to make a sort of good-will tour on the 22 way. [He?] went out through the Kiel Canal and shortly after entering the English Channel a big storm broke and that is where I caught hell for the first time in my experience. Destroyers don't have any [Medical?] Officer, so it was up to me to look after all the casualties, and there were plenty of them. [He?] picked up an S.O.S. from a vessel behind us in the channel, and in spite of the terrible thrashing the ship was getting the captain ordered her about to the rescue. Life preservers were put on and the life rafts got ready and when we went about I was sure I'd never see the U. S. again. [Men?] were thrown around like straws and dashed against the rails and deck fittings, and there was plenty of broken arms and legs, to say nothing of a few heads. [A lot?] of men new to the water were seasick too, which added to the general misery. To cap the climax, the boat we went to rescue had got free soon after she called and was a lot better off than we was. The storm lasted three days, but we finally got to Le Havre, where we laid up while the men [recuperated?].

“Proceeding to Cherbourg, we started out on another tour, touching at [Marcelona, Lisbon?], Gibraltar, [Cheablanca, Morocco?]; the Canary Islands; [alaga, Spain?]; Island of [Kajorca?], across the Mediterranean to Algiers, to Tunis, Tunisia; then [back?] across the Mediterranean to [arseilles?], France. Of course he stopped long enough in each of those places to take in the sights and get photographs. Our next trip was to Livorno, Italy, the port of call for [Florence and Pisa?], both of which places we visited, and it was at [Pisa?] that I bought the statue with the eagle. This trip was made worth while by the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, its Baptistry with acoustics seldom found elsewhere in such perfection, and the burial place of the Crusaders, with its delicate Gothic arches and fresco of Dante's Inferno.

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"The ship next put in at Naples, Italy, and from there we made many interesting trips, the first of these being to [Pompeii and Herculaneum?], to Vesuvius, [sia?] with the baths of Nero, Capri and its famous blue grotto, and the ruins of the palace of [Tiberius?].

"Well, you know you can't see anything when there is a crowd so to make the most interesting trip in that territory I got up a party of just four, among them the boy from Georgia who really was the cause of me being here now, but I will tell you about that later. Anyhow, we jokingly called him "the rebel." The four of us went to Rome and had three full days of sight-seeing. [We?] spent a whole forenoon in the Coliseum itself, the Via [?] took another half day, the catacombs of [Lt. Sebastian?] alone took three hours. In the Church of [Lt. Sebastian?] they showed us a flagstone with the imprint of St. Peter's foot as he left Rome during the reign of [Nero?], when things began to get too hot for him. There on that spot Christ appeared to him heading toward [Rome?]; well, its the story of 'Quo Vadis, [Dominic?]' fame. St. Peter left the imprint of his foot there on the flagstone. But—a few yards further on there is a church built over a portion of the ancient Via [Apia?] and lo and behold, there is another imprint of St. Peter's foot, and that is 'the only true one.' Which is the right one has never been decided, and so the fight still goes on. [We?] also saw the Forum, Temple of Vesta, the Arches of Constantine and Titus, and, to close the last day, permission to see His Holiness, the Pope, carried in state to the [istine?] Chapel, after waiting and wasting time standing in the loggia, first on one foot and then the other.

In order to actually have an audience with the Pope the four of us again went to Rome, this time in the ship's liberty party. I had a hell of a time to get the 'rebel' to go along this time as he seemed to have 24 an unholy terror and fear in seeing the Pope. Finally, after a long wait, we were allowed to enter the audience hall and after a few more minutes His Holiness entered. His kindly face beamed as he shook hands with the thirty-five sailors (I guess he is a good a hand-shaker as our President); he had a friendly word for everyone and a blessing and souvenir rosary for Catholic and Protestant alike (the old fogey), and won the heart of even our 'rebel' who, on the outside, said 'Hell, he is just a man like the

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rest of us, except for the uniform.' I guess he expected to see a pair of horns and a forked tail, instead of that he saw a saintly old man with a face shining with kindness.

At the close of the audience a little incident occurred which gave me a great thrill. His Holiness had gone down the line [as?] we were kneeling and extended his hand with the symbolic ring, those of the faith kissing the ring and the others bowing their heads to receive the blessing. I was the last man in the line, and as he passed he noticed the Hospital Corp Cross on my sleeve. He stopped and asked what it represented. When I told him the branch of service I was in he said, 'my son, we may not be of the same faith but we are both in the service of God.' We were all glad we came and it was well worth the three hours or more waiting. This trip we visited chiefly the famous churches, from St. Peter's to a beautiful little church converted from a pagan temple which is remarkably well preserved, one of the most beautiful I think I have ever seen.

"Returning to Naples, the ship made a trip to the ports of the Black [Sea?], finally reaching Constantinople where I was transferred to the U. S. Embassy but officially attached to the USS Scorpion, which was the old [orgenthau?] yacht. The Turks wouldn't allow any foreign war vessels in their harbors, but they permitted the U. S. to keep the Scorpion there as 25 she had no armament, but just the same she didn't lay around the harbor much, but often made trips on the theory that the Turks wouldn't get tired looking at her lying under their noses all the time. Uniforms were banned for the same reason, and we were given strict [orders?] to be on our dignity so as not to offend any of the Turkish officials. Imagine telling a sailor to be dignified! Well, I was a petty officer and it wasn't so hard for me to do that, except when I got out with the '[goba?]' and then I raised hell with the rest of them. In the two years I spent there on that trip I did not have as much time to see things as on my later visit but I did explore the city as much as I could, and also studied their language and customs a lot, too.

"Well, in 1922 I was again transferred to the [Childs?] and went to Norfolk, Virginia, and was sent from there up to [Bar Harbor?], Maine, to the Radio Station. The station was at

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[Sea Hall?], about 29 miles out. I sure did enjoy that tour of duty. I only had a few men to look after and plenty of time to hunt, both with the rifle and camera. Enjoyed it especially in the winter when the snow was deep and I could use snow shoes and skis. One night while there I saw a phenomenon I'll never forget. When I went to bed the Aurora was brighter than ordinary and during the night a heavy wind and snow storm came up. I was awakened by one of the men calling to me and got up and went to the control room. It seemed to be full of an unearthly greenish-blue flame, and a long drop cord in the center of the ceiling was acting as if the spooks were at work on it. It would swing over toward a control panel on one side of the room and then in a few seconds it would suddenly swing over toward the generator on the other side, and repeat the performance at regular intervals. We all got scared and got a long ways off until the light faded. Scientific men made a report later that it was caused by the thick snow falling through a highly charged strata and carrying the static to the big antenna running into the building.

"Well, somebody else must have been itching for a good place to stay, because early in 1924 I was called back to Norfolk and shipped on the Henderson, via Africa, to join the Scorpion at [Hagusa, Jugo-Slavia?]. Man, that's some old town. They have the old medieval customs and make a regular ritual of opening and closing the city gates as they have done for hundreds of years.

"The Scorpion proceeded through Cattaro Bay with its old and beautiful scenery, stopped at the Island of Korfu, then on through the Corinth Canal to [Piracus, Greece?]. [Was Lucky?] again and had a nice trip to Athens where I saw all the old and beautiful things, including the Parthenox. The Scorpion then took me back to Constantinople, where I was again attached to the embassy, but still officially with the Scorpion.

"No, I didn't find my old sweetheart in that port but there was plenty of others. Now, I'm not going to spill a lot of [hooey?] about the morals of sailors or make excuses, but what the folks call the immorality of the foreigners is a damn sight better than the same thing in some of the so-called civilized countries. Now, you take a man assigned to shore duty

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for a long stretch; he would have to spend most of his spare time on the ship, if he didn't live on shore, and would have to be in at certain hours and put up with a lot of other regulations. Well, he can rent a good room and kitchenette for five dollars a month, get him a good looking girl, and live like a king. Yes, they do everything a wife would do and a lot more than most of them. And let me tell you, they are a darn sight more capable and economical in running a house than the girls here. They have it bred 27 into them in those countries ... They mend and press your clothes, buy the groceries, do the cooking, and they sure can cook, and keep the place spotlessly clean. And while you have her she is your woman and nobody else can touch her. Yes, as soon as you're gone she will be looking for another man, but they got to live just like everyone else.

"Since [Kemal Attaturk?] began to reform the country I suppose there have been many changes, and things would be a lot different than when I was there, but my camera retained for me the things as I saw them, and bring back to my mind the incidents that happened at that time. Some things I didn't photograph pop into mind once in a while and I was just thinking of the time I saw the fire department go into action. They didn't have any [waterworks?] then, just a well here and there, and there seemed to be two crews of firemen, one with red equipment and the other with green. The men wore helmets like the old Roman soldiers and a little short [tunic?], the rest of the body being bare. Their pump was a sort of barrel-shaped thing which was carried on the shoulders of six men, some extra men being in front and behind them to relieve if the trip was very far, and a number of men carried buckets. There wasn't any signal system, but a watchman in a tower in some part of the city would cry out when he saw what looked like a fire maybe the word would get around to the firemen after a while. When they heard about a fire they would start running toward the spot and the first crew there might get the job of putting out the fire. If both crews got there about the same time, they would begin bidding on the job of putting out the fire. That's what happened one day when I was lucky enough to be nearby, and damned if the building didn't burn down before the owner decided which crew he would hire.

"Well, magazines have carried pictures and fine descriptions of the beautiful mosques and palaces in Turkey and nothing I could say would make them more beautiful or interesting. I do say, though, that the so called Christianized people who are always talking about the Turks or [Mohammedans?] being so terribly intolerant, don't know what they are talking about. They always cite the fact that the beautiful mosaics in the mosque of [St. Sofia?] have been covered with [parchment?]. Well, did you ever see a picture of the Virgin Mary in a Presbyterian or other protestant church? I have been in St. Sofia many times and the thought came to me the first time that if these people were so intolerant, why didn't they destroy the mosaics? A Yankee boy with a handful of stones could spoil one in a few good throws. And in many cases the only part of the picture covered is the face, and some of these are not even painted over but covered with a gold star. In the name Mosque, on either side of the opening in the hall-way where the faithful enter the inner temple there is a beautiful statue which could have been destroyed with a blow of a hammer; instead they are enclosed in cabinets which are closed up during religious ceremonials, and can be opened to the view of the public at other times.

"I had a little adventure in connection with this mosque which might be worth telling about. It was built by The Emperor Justinian I as a Catholic shrine, and is considered the third most holy mosque in Turkey. For that reason it was, at that time at least, closely guarded, and no one was allowed to carry anything inside which might desecrate it. I had tried for nearly a year to get permission to photograph some of the interior but was always refused permission. Well, one day I got acquainted with a shepherd who tended his flock not far from there and after I had visited him many times I told him what I wanted. He finally told me of a way to get in through a narrow opening between the bastions in the rear which was covered with bushes. I sneaked through the opening and not seeing the guard inside I set up my tripod and camera and got two good pictures. Just as I was hurriedly taking down the outfit the guard entered and saw me. He raised his long barreled rifle and was about to drill me when the [shepherd?] rushed in with his hands up, shouting the

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Arabic word for “immunity.” This was my cue and I dug out my embassy assignment card and handed it to him. Of course he didn't know what it said but as we were immune from about everything else he thought I hadn't got a picture yet he finally got friendly and was very courteous from then on.

“One day I heard that same prominent man had died and his funeral was to be held at the Mosque of [Ryoub?], on the Golden Horn. [Hiking?] out there I joined the crowd lining the street and waited for the ceremonial procession. I noticed a young man in European clothes standing next to me and spoke to him in Arabic. He answered me in better English than I ever spoke and we immediately became friends. He was highly educated in English and other languages, was a graduate of one of our own famous universities, and was the personal secretary of the [Sheik El Islam?], the spiritual head of the Church in that part of the empire. He did me many favors during the rest of my stay and helped me to learn more of the [Mohammedans?] and their customs.

“Not long after we met, the month of the [Hamidan?] began. During this period, which begins when the first sickle of the new moon appears after the [Vernal Equinox?], the faithful fast every day from sunrise to sundown, not 30 even a drop of water reaching their lips. But you'd ought to see them eat and drink between sunset and sunrise! They sure do make up for lost time.

“During this month there is one night set apart from the rest and called the Night of Power. On this night the spirits are supposed to descend on each worshipper and give him the power to control his body and mind, in fact make them sort of supermen. That is, if they are able to get themselves wrought up to the proper pitch for the reception of the power. I had long wanted to witness one of these gatherings but it seemed I was doomed to disappointment, until I met my new friend and asked him if he could help me out. Well, through his influence with the Sheik I was permitted to attend, clothed in the proper robes and instructed how to act. I must say that I was not greatly impressed with the show. It was not nearly as wild as I had been led to believe; in fact, I've seen a lot crazier

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demonstrations of fanatical emotionalism right here at home at [Holy Holler?] meetings. Very few of the worshipers went into contortions and for the most part it was more of a mass action, the robed figures swaying from side to side and forward and back in unison, me with the rest of them. Maybe its all [hooey?], but I know from close contact with them that they sure do know how to control their tempers, especially when some fool white man does something that would mean fight right now in any other country.

"I sure enjoyed life there and sometimes wished I could have stayed there permanently, but all things must keep moving, so early in 1926 I was ordered to the USS Pittsburg, at Ville franche, France. And here began the long trip which finally landed me back in the States, on the last lap of my journey to Georgia. I have a long way to go yet so will be brief in describing the many things I saw on the way. The Pittsburg first went to 31 Naples, where I had been before, and then to [Palarmo?], Sicily. From here I made/ /a trip to Monte Santo Monastery with the world-famous cloisters. A few hours ride took me to several ancient Greek temples and amphitheatres, many of which are in an excellent state of preservation.

"[Malta?]. Not much of interest there except the quaint headdresses of the women, which they wear in shameful remembrance of Napoleon's visit. The claim is that there was not a virgin left in Malta after he and his hordes got through. Shameful work, maybe, but very good taste, for the women generally are beautiful, and our sailors said, with Caesar, "[Vani?], Vidi, Vici" - they did not find them hard to conquer.

"Alexandria, Egypt. Not much of interest except the Botanical Gardens, but at Cairo there was the University, Citadel, Tombs of the [Pamelukes, Bazears?], and, if you have the courage, the Arab quarters with the [dens?] of iniquity and [hashish?].

"Bizeh and the Pyramides and Sphynx. [?] and the [Nedropolis?] of the Pharoahs Household Officers and also the Sacred Bulls. The pyramid of [Sakara?] is one of the oldest in existence. Nearby are the ruins of [Nemphis?], The [Alabaster?] Sphynx, the

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Collosi of [Rameese?] II, one alabaster and the other sandstone. Karnak with its gigantic temple with collosi of the Pharaohs. [?], and the Valley of the Tombs.

“Palestine, landing at Port of [?] at the foot of Mount [Carvel?], we went to Nazareth and Tiberius, on the shore of Lake [Genazereth (Galilee)?] we paid a visit to the newly founded colony of Jews. Their work bids fair to make of their old homeland and land where milk and honey flows.

“Through [Camaria to Nablus?], where the High Priest Jacob, of the [sect?] of the vanishing [Samaritans?], showed us the ancient Thorah, one of the oldest manuscripts in the world. After a visit to Jacob's well we went on to 32 Jerusalem. My host, a monk of the Trappist order, informed me that a visit to the Sailing [Wall?] of the Jews would be worth while, as this was one of the feast days. The wall was crowded with a motley of Jews of all nationalities, mourning and wailing over the loss of the Temple of Soloman's glory. Then a visit to the temple area proper with the Dome of the Rock, erroneously called the Mosque of Omar, which is built over the rock called [Moriah?]. This delicate and most beautiful building, with its arabesque decorations, and its dome rising [98] feet above the sacred rock, is considered one of the most beautiful in the world, and justly so. There is a cavern underneath the rock where one can note the conduit for the blood of the sacrificial animals for the burnt offering of the Jewish ritual. Continuing we turn south and after descending a flight of steps we approach the Mosque [Kl Akea?] which in Justinian's time was the Church of St. Mary. On entering this mosque we note the cruciform shape of the building. Underneath it we note the Double Gate of Herod's time and it is pointed out to visitors that Christ often passed through this gate. North of here is the Golden Gate, which seems to be the only part of the city which was not destroyed by Titus, and through this gate Christ made his triumphal entry on his jackass. The gate itself is [walled?] up because it was believed by the Moslems that some day a Christian conqueror would again enter Jerusalem through this gate. [Phooey?], they say the same thing of the Golden Gate in Constantinople, which also is [walled?] up.

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"Our second day began with a visit to the dwelling of Pontius Pilate with the "[Zose Home?]" Arch, then following the Via Doloroso to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This may all be very interesting to some, but to me the Street of David with its ancient shops and overhanging balconies, where people still live and dress as they did in the time of Christ, was 33 very much more interesting, for there one has to believe what they tell you with reservations, as the different churches differ in pointing out the holy places, except the actual sepulchre, while here life is real and unpainted.

"Next, to the Garden of [Gethsomane?] with its ancient olive trees, said to have seen the passion of Christ (even Monks will tell little white lies). The crowning glory, however, is the little dome built over the spot on the summit of the Mount of Olives from which Christ rose into heaven, for here they will show you with reverence (for a few [piastres?]) a footprint of the Saviour Himself, which he made when he gave himself an extra little push to aid the cloud to take him up. The footprint is some fifteen inches long and six inches wide, some footprint for a perfect formed man like He was reputed to be. On the trip to Jericho they pointed out the Inn of the Good Samaritan, and near the Dead Sea a monolith of rock salt which is the reminder of Lot's wife as she looked back on burning Sodom and [Gomorrah?], and across the river Jordan the place where Christ was baptized by John. Here the gullible tourist must buy some water from the very spot where Christ stood during his baptism.

"Next to Bethlehem, and on the way there, Rachel's Tomb. The Church of the Nativity, very interesting indeed because the Latin Church, the Greek Church, the Coptic Church, etc., will show you the very spot where Christ was born (all different) and the Latin Church will go the others one better by showing a gold star (looks like brass) let into one of the flagstones in the floor, the spot where the light from the star that guided the three wise men to the manger stopped. Just outside the Temple was a shop where they made beautiful mother-of-pearl articles for sale to tourists.

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"From Bethlehem we went back to Jerusalem and made a side trip to an Arab settlement at Bethsida. The only unusual sight on this trip was an Arab farmer plowing with one ox. His plow was entirely of wood and consisted of one long beam which extended clear up to the [mock-yoke?], the plow point being simply a short beam set at an angle to the plow beam, and the farmer walked alongside the plow, holding it with one hand and [?] the ox along with a long pointed stick held in the other hand. Quite a contrast to the modern plows we see here at home.

"Getting back to the ship at Haifa we proceeded to Mudros, Greece, the island windmills seen from a distance reminding one of Holland. Next, to [Trieste?], Italy, and then to Venice where we spent 5 days. A fine place to rest, and the 'rebel' and I put in a whole night in a [gondola?]. We inspected the Lido and the Grand Canal, as well as the painted beauties who sit on their balconies and wait for the smart uniformed sailors to come and make love to them. The most interesting building was the Cathedral of St. Marks, with its altar of solid gold encrusted with 3,000 precious stones and which was stolen from the Mosque of St. Sofia, in Constantinople, by the Crusaders. Remember what I said about intolerance of Christians? It makes me laugh to myself sometimes when I think of the contradictions one finds in a world journey.

"We next put in at Gibraltar and spent two days exchanging [courtesies?] with the British. A bunch of us also made a trip to [Algosiras?] to see a bullfight. Ha, ha, I laugh yet at a drunken sailor who thought he'd show the crowd how tame a bull was in the ring. He climbed over the fence and started across the arena about the same time the picadore started pestering the bull. Guess the bull thought the sailor would be more friendly than 35 the [picador?] for he started plunging toward him before he had got far from the fence. The sailor must have been fuddled in the head, cause he waited till the bull was almost up to him before he whirled round to beat it to the fence. Skidding on some fresh [dung?], the sailor went down, uniform and all, rolled over a few times in some more fresh [dung?], finally stopping with the big bull standing over him and blowing froth in his face. The

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matadors and picadors were there about as soon as the bull and they took the bull's attention long enough for some of us to get the sailor up and over the fence. The brave sailor wasn't harmed a bit, but didn't he get [razzed?] from then on for his appearance when he reported back to the ship.

"We next called at Amsterdam and [?], Holland. This is a beautiful country, flowers everywhere, and the windmills are certainly picturesque. The most interesting thing to me was the two outlying islands, [Markem?] and [Vollendam?], which, at that time at least, were a fine example for the student of [eugenics?]. Many years ago the Queen of Holland issued an edict that these two islands should always remain as they were, the people to live, dress and eat as they had done for centuries, preserving a sort of living monument for the students of coming generations. Well, I first visited [Markem?], on which the natives for years have been Protestants. Here I was downright disgusted with what I saw. The people were all pale, colorless folks, many of them [vacant-eyed?] and staring, many verging on the idiotic, all in a state of lethargy; many sickly and crippled, and their homes and surroundings showed the same state of general [debility?]. Here I found that, in spite of the fact that there never was a restriction on immigration so long as the new-comer took up the ancient mode of living, these people had intermarried for so many years that the tribe was fast getting to the point where there was danger of a complete collapse of the whole settlement. Imagine my surprise 36 when I visited Vollendam, to find that there almost the opposite extreme. The people there had always been Catholic and as the church forbids intermarriage of blood relation, all these years there has been a constant steady inbreeding of new blood into the settlement, and a blind man could almost sense the difference in the two islands. Sure, the folks on Vollendam lived just the same as their ancestors did, so far as dress, eating and other customs are concerned, but they are a happy, energetic, good looking bunch of folks, in fact the men are damn near as good looking as the women. I'm not a Catholic any more, or anything else for that matter, but I learned one lesson on that trip, and that is that blood really is thicker than water.

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"Well, we next went to [Antwerp?], Belgium, and some of us got a nine-day leave to go to Paris. 'reb' and I went together as we had been doing for some time, and did we celebrate on that trip! When we got to Paris I insisted on sticking to a system we had worked out some time back ... We both like to drink our share and have our share of girls, but my idiosyncrasy was that I didn't like to mix them, the girls usually get too sloppy or weepy; in fact, they are a mess when they get drunk. So I always insisted on tossing a coin when we started out; heads - we would make the rounds of the taverns, tails - we would look for the painted ladies. Well, we had plenty of both, but most of this was at night; the daylight hours found us taking in the much advertised sights, and taking a few pictures for our own albums. On our way back to [Antwerp?] we stopped in beautiful old Brussels, and shortly after we boarded ship she was ordered back to the States.

"Preparing for the homeward journey, we hoisted the homeward-bound pennant, a strip of small flags each a foot long, ours being [860?] feet in length, one for each man on the ship, including the officers. Before reaching 37 home the pennant is taken down and cut up, each man getting his flag for a keepsake and souvenir of his tour in foreign waters.

"It was now the fall of the 1927 and after landing at Norfolk Hospital I was again sent to the radio station at Bar Harbor, where I stayed nearly two years. During the winter the crew were moved to another place and when they asked for a volunteer to stay and guard the property I spoke first and they all voted to let me have the job. Well, I was back where I could again use the skis and snowshoes, had the good Springfield rifle, plenty of ammunition, lots of food and fuel, and not much to bother me, except once in a while a prowler trying to steal a load of copper from the storage. I shot a hole in a fellow's gas tank one night. He heard me getting up to investigate before he had taken anything and about the time I raised the window he lit out with his truck, but I let him have one so he'd know it wasn't safe to try it again. Another night, later when the weather was warmer, I woke up on night and heard a noise out by one of the 250-foot wooden towers holding the antenna. I knew there wasn't anything out there to steal but I went out with the rifle anyway. Imagine

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my surprise to see a man and a woman climbing up the tower ladder, which was made of rough stuff and was only a temporary makeshift. When I called and asked where they were going, the man said, up to the top. I told them there was nothing doing, they'd better come down or I'd take a shot at them. They finally climbed down and when I asked them what the big idea was the girl spoke up and said, well, I've 'loved him up' about every other place along the Maine coast and when he stumped me to try it up there I said 'let's go. I was afraid one of them might fall off the thing if I let 'em go up so I insisted that they must turn round and get off the government reserve or I'd phone the sheriff. They finally left and I went back to bed. Well, I had a fine time hunting and taking pictures on that 38 tour of duty. You know the fine game preserve belonging to Edsel Ford and young Rookefeller was near there and we boys were given the freedom of the place because we were rightly good in helping keep prowlers away from there.

"Well, I was called back to Norfolk and assigned to the Whitney which went on Atlantic Coast duty with the destroyer squadron. Not going into detail about the fine things in our own country. I remained on the Whitney until 1932 and was assigned to the [League?] Island Hospital at Philadelphia.

"Here is where we can tell about how I came to be a 'Georgia Cracker' because it was during my stay at Philadelphia that the matter was settled. Further back in my story I mentioned Joe, the 'rebel,' as being the reason for my coming here. Well, it's funny how men will take a younger man under their wing or make chums of them, and that is how Joe and I came to buddy together after meeting on the Pittsburg. One time later he started talking one day about how we ought to fix things so we would have a home to go to when we left the service, and he was all for buying a farm where we could both settle down and raise chickens. Said he knew the very section where we would do the best. Of course he didn't press the matter all at once but mentioned it once in a while to keep me interested. Well, when I got to Philadelphia, I had a lot of time on my hands, especially on week ends, and one time Joe invited me to spend the week end with his parents, who were living in Philly at that time. After a few visits with them they started talking about this place we

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are on, what a fine place it could be made into, how cheap it could be bought, and that it was the very thing for us to buy it and have a living in view when we came out. We finally agreed that each of us would put in so much each month out of our pay, his folks would move to the farm and get things in shape, improve it as much as possible and they would be grateful for the chance to make their living 39 out of the crops. The matter was finally settled and we made the purchase and the folks moved to Georgia. That's when my troubles began. Joe and I were not together much so I had no way of telling if he was doing his part, but it wasn't long before the folks started writing to me for money to do this and the other thing, buy mules, tools of many kinds, pay taxes, and God knows what else. Of course I didn't worry then, I thought I was preparing a little Paradise for myself and Joe later on.

“Well, not long after the matter was settled I was transferred to the Brazos and went to San Diego for duty with the Pacific fleet. Although I enjoyed the tour of duty I was looking forward to my new home, as my time was nearly out, and in February 1935 I came back to New York and was mustered out at the receiving ship.

“After a short visit in New York I came to the farm and I guess you know my feelings when I found the conditions here. I don't accuse anyone of being crooked, but for the life of me I can't imagine what was done with the money I spent on the place. The folks were still on the place and I lived with them and began trying to clean things up, but it was a discouraging job. Later I found that Joe hadn't put in one cent toward either buying or fixing things up and so I had to pin them down and get a release from the contract and took over the contract myself. In the fall of 1935 I went to Pensacola and bought a half interest in a business there but was taken with pneumonia and had to quit. I came home in May 1936 and finally told the folks they would have to move out. Out of the frying pan into the fire — I got another family with a fine team of heavy mules, four big husky sons, and a lot of promises, but look what at what I got! The place is worse than ever. Just this last season, [on 7?] acres of good land they raised only three small bales of cotton, the 40 heaviest only 450 pounds. And if it wasn't for the good neighbors sending stuff over

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I don't know what we would have done for garden stuff. It seems as if there was always some very important matter to be attended to in town, the weather was too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, most anything for an excuse to put the work off till the next day, which never comes.

"Well, neighbor, I guess I've talked myself out. You know I got rid of the big family and now have a new tenant, just man and wife, and I believe they will do what I ask them to do; in fact, you can see that they have already cleaned the place up more than anyone else I've had and maybe I will get over being discouraged and begin to make things hum as I want them to."

"Well, Chief, that was some story, most enough for a book, if you could let me put in all details, but I want to know 'how come' you are so successful with the 'buzzards' as you call them."

"That's easy. Just as soon as we had decided to buy a farm I began to write to different dealers in the States, and to many concerns dealing in materials connected with the poultry business. I also took a correspondence course which in connection with my own knowledge of anatomy and drugs have given me a great advantage over the ordinary poultryman. Of course, I have made mistakes like everyone else. The biggest one was in not buying baby chicks often enough. At a time when I needed eggs most, and the market was high, I didn't have layers enough and had to buy lower quality eggs to piece out. You know I weigh every egg I sell to my regular trade and don't deliver one under two ounces in weight. The culls I sell to the stores."

"Well, Chief, one thing more before we quit. You told me one day about plans for raising grapes and making wine. Are you still looking forward to that?"

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"Yes, if I keep my health and never, I still plan to lay out some of these bills into a vineyard. I already have a small start, but it takes capital to do the thing right. I have a bachelor

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friend in New York who spent many years in France and who knows the wine business as much as I do, and if things work out to our satisfactions he may come down and go in with me on the proposition, and we will go into it on a large scale. If he does come, we plan to tear down this old house, build a modern bungalow with basement, facing it toward that fine view of the mountain, and tear down the barn which obstructs part of the view. I want to see that long valley pasture made into a clear water lake, with perhaps a few small cottages on the shore, and most of all, a pavilion where the good people could come out to sit and rest and sip some fine home-made wine from Georgia grapes. Maybe I'm dreaming, but I bet you have been dreaming too, and there ain't any harm in us old folks dreaming."

"Yes, Chief, I've dreamed of owning a piece of land in these red hills, seeding it down to cover crops and rotating as they did where I was raised, just to show the folks that it can be done. I'm too old to expect to see it through, but my two boys could do it, and although I was born and raised in the city, I hope that they will become inured to the soil, and stick to it."

"Well, neighbor, it's nearly time to feed the buzzards, so let's have a little drink of wine and call it a day."

Standing with our glasses in hand I happened to be facing the picture of his ancestral home, so I raised my glass and said, "to Switzerland." The Chief raised his and said "to Georgia." ... together we said "[Gerundheit?]." The subject of this sketch died on Dec. 23-1940